

that some seed of truth may find a place in them. About 2 p.m. we left and came to another village on the way home. Evidently there had some time been a large temple in these parts, for numbers of carved stone gods were piled in utter confusion under two sacred trees. In front of them was an immense stone god—most revolting in appearance—garlanded and covered with red paint. One marvels that human beings can worship objects so utterly demoralizing. In this place we could not even get a hearing. Most of the women were away in the fields, and the few who remained would have nothing to do with us.

The following day we went to a large village of over 1,100 people. We stayed for several hours, repeating the programme of previous days, and by the time we were ready to leave the people were crowding about us, their fears dispelled, their shyness gone. It was again well on in the day when we got our breakfast, after which we went to a place in Dewas, where we had been invited by a woman who came the day before for medicine. Her relatives and acquaintances had come to see us, too. How they listened, begging us to stay with them and teach them more "words of wisdom!" It was a delightful experience, which we repeated the next day (Sunday). I have never known women to listen more attentively or to seem more intelligently interested in the message of salvation, and the "glad tidings of great joy." Our hearts yearned over them, but we were greatly comforted by the remembrance that the Lord Himself loves them more than we do, and without human help, the Holy Spirit can bring home the truth to their hearts. In the face of great need, and dense darkness of heart and mind, one realizes more and more that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord that souls are brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

We returned to Indore on Monday, January 4th, and found many duties awaiting us here.

Christmas at Dhar.

FROM MISS DOUGAN.

Dhar, December 31, 1896.

At first Christmas days are apt to be very homesick ones in India, but by-and-bye they are as full of Christmas joy as is the day at home, though in a different way. Your boxes helped to make a good many people happy. The things were just what we needed. Before they came we ourselves had made up all the old woollen things we could find into nice warm jackets and caps. Our wardrobe had an overhauling